

ST. LOUIS CHRISTIAN ADVOCATE.

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For the St. Louis Christian Advocate.

Tennessee Correspondence.

Tennessee Conference—Book Society—Ben Lomond—Abbey—McFerrin—Taylor.

Our Conference met this year in the mountains—we had a most delightful session—much actual work was done, and but little gas wasted. All the preachers were catechised by the Bishop, class-meeting style, and all testified. Thousands have been converted in our bounds—some districts reporting from one thousand five hundred to two thousand converts. Elliott sent complaints against McFerrin, but he was unanimously sustained by a rising vote. Elliott publishes his "new" chapel as "Baldwin's dance-house." What right he had to christen it with that name, I know not; but if he is not careful he will make it stick to him like gold leaf to the head of a barber's pole.

We had a gracious revival, and raised \$10,000 for our Book Society. Two agents, Drs. Erwin and Johnson, were appointed to raise a fund of \$100,000 for publishing and dispensing books. Our plan takes well, and I hope yours will. We borrow perpetually, and pay ten per cent. interest; in books; the people loan us the money, and take us and Providence for security.

The Conference was invited by the people of McMinnville to visit Ben Lomond, a great mountain, above the town. We all went, Bishop and all. By the time we reached the top we were full of poetry, thirst, and chestnut burrs. After slaking our thirst at the great spring, eating chestnuts and apples, resting, looking and chatting, it was resolved to give some utterance to our pent-up feelings. So Dr. McFerrin got up on a chunk of wood and called us to order. Dr. Erwin was called for. He appeared and read a poem just written. It began with a hail to Ben Lomond, and one to McMinnville; it ended beautifully. Some gravely inquired if Mr. Lomond lived up there. But, as he did not make his appearance, the matter was explained by a sincere native, who persisted that he died and was buried on the mountain. Such intelligence is a marvel; "the beginning of knowledge is the beginning of sorrow," "ignorance is bliss." After this "Dominion" addressed the occasion in poetry, also, but not in verse. He thought

"He couldn't make his self a poet,
No more'n a sheep could make his self a goat."

"Poeta nascitur, non fit," that is to say, gymnastic poetry gives you fits.

Col. Richardson responded in behalf of Ben Lomond. He said the Bishop was the most sensible man he ever saw; that he had a wife, and had brought her with him; that they had no wives had no sense; that they had feared not being able to entertain the Conference, but that all the chicken thieves in the county were sent to the penitentiary six weeks ago, just in time to relieve their fears; that when the Methodists said there should be a school, a school was; when they said a book house should be, it was so; and when they said "light be, light was." After singing Old Hundred, like mountain thunder, we dismissed with a benediction by the Bishop, and went down the hill in a hurry.

The sight from the mountain was rapturous. As the eye swept the sublime expanse of land and sky, valleys, cliffs, clouds, shadows, and the violet drapery of the sombre air, we thought of all the sacred mountains noted in the books of old. Moriah, Sinai, Pisgah, Zion, Tabor, Olivet, Gilboa, Carmel, and Peres, seemed clustering beneath our feet, and all their sights rushed into the sunlit scene before us. The sun stood still on Gibeon, the moon hung trembling over Aialon, and the last battle shook the world. The angel with a chain came down and put a collar on the dragon's neck, and led him, like a sheep-killing dog, from the pastures of the fleecy flock of the millennial fold, and shut him up to starve a thousand years. We had a grand time, and it will do us all good. Some trembled in their boots, lest it might prove a picnic, or a dance; but it was nothing of the kind—it was a preachers' mountain meeting.

I now describe a few prominent characters. But, as they live, I shall not much bespeak them with praise. I give, first, the biography of our

FINANCIAL SECRETARY.

Richard Abbey was born Nov. 16th, 1805, in Genesee county, N. Y. He joined the Church in Natchez, Miss., 1830; was converted that year in a prayer-meeting, held by Rev. W. M. Curtis; licensed to preach in Yazoo City, 1844; and, having been ordained deacon and elder, he joined the Mississippi Conference, 1850. Was a merchant in Natchez and New York from 1825 to 1840; a cotton planter in Yazoo from 1834 to 1855; went from New York to Southern Illinois when eleven years old; at nineteen went to Natchez, 1824. As a merchant, planter, author, preacher, and financial agent, he has attempted great things with uniform success; and the measure of his fame is not yet full—not by a long way. Like many others of the third class delegates, having little to do at the General Conference but vote and find out things, we found that Mississippi never held a General Conference of its own, and scorned to complain. We also found that Dr. Abbey was a thorough business man—a pious, fervid, industrious, doggedly-persevering, self-sacrificing brother, of large views—a man that, like Bonaparte, could plan and execute. We actively desired his election, and he was elected; his wife went, and my wife laughed at her; he went to work, and the South now feels his impulses. If he becomes a bishop, others may lay claim to the honor of it; if he falls as a great claim to the entire world may blame us for it. "Financial," the entire world may blame us for it. But, fun aside. Dr. Abbey's merits elected him. But we think no happier selection could have been made. Some thought the office of a Financial was a humbug, but Abbey has already demonstrated its eminent utility. Thousands are pouring into the fund for spreading the knowledge of the truth over all these lands, through his labors.

domitable energy. Give him the right hand of fellowship, and admit him into full connection! I now introduce him to your readers; let them cultivate his acquaintance courteously, and Christianly, and pockety.

SUNDAY SCHOOL SECRETARY.

I had expected to see a tall, spare, cadaverous, saintly reverend, when I saw Dr. Taylor. I found him a poney-built man, of hardy make, with hard muscle, steady nerves, keen perception, noble heart, quick to act, daring difficulties, and braving trouble. He is no complainer; thinks nothing too laborious, and stops at no trifles. I am not fast to fall in love at first sight, but I was a friend of his the first hour I saw him, and can not but continue so. He is the man for his position. He works like a German; thinks like a Frenchman; talks like a Carolinian; studies like an Ajax; travels like a rocket; looks like an Englishman; has the brain of a Jonathan, the hand of a Judah, and the soul of a Christian.

THE BOOK AGENT.

The material man of Dr. McFerrin is very striking. Every one that looks at him instinctively feels that he is a thorough made, great man. He is tall, weighty, muscular, and active. His frame is strong, iron-like, and erect; his features are deeply marked, rather than heavy; his eyes are hazel, and his brow projects largely; his hair is very black, but not dyed; his neck is rather short; his hands strong, and his complexion brunette. He has almost quit tobacco.

2. He has a large brain, and great versatility of talent. He is smart, and his perceptions very acute; is full of humor, and often electrifies with flashes of wit. In trading he is naturally constituted to make good bargains—a prime quality for him and us, just now. As a platform speaker he excels; his energy, pathos, wit, and logic make way to all hearts and purses. As a preacher he is instructive, doctrinal, hortative, animated, vehement, and oftentimes eloquent. He generally carries his point, always leaves his mark, and is permanently popular with the people.

3. He is generous-hearted, sympathetic, and very religious. In business he is punctual to promises in place, time, payments, and dues—he wants to be just and wants others to be. He is a good contractor, planner, executive, and salesman; is truly a patriotic Methodist, and would no more compromise general interests for the benefit of Nashville, than he would eat a piece of a scaly comet, peppered with stars, fried in the sun, and served in the moon as a frying pan.

He is able to endure almost anything, especially complaints; though mosquitoes will annoy a saint with their accumulated irritabilities. Goliath was killed by a pebble; Hercules by a poisoned coat; and Samson committed suicide; but the interminable growls about the book agent are enough to make him wish he was a mouse in a merchant mill, or a lizard in Liberia. A thousand lucifers might burn down the Publishing House, and leave such as choose to rejoice in smearing themselves with its ashes; and a few idle boys could break all the windows in a palace; but boys ought to keep out of mischief, and old folks ought not to play with matches in a paper warehouse. McFerrin does the best he can; give him a little charity, with time to breathe, if you all please, and then if "he scrooges" you may cry, "ouch, master, John McFerrin is scrooging." I am not speaking of you, sir editors, but of some little unnecessary querulousness on the part of some members, that think the heart does not supply enough blood for their vitality. If the eyes are in pain, or the toes are cold, either lobelia or quinine might be of advantage to them, as well as to the primary muscular viscous of the thorax. The General Conference law naturally enough chooses the Tennessee Conference out of a depository and its natural perquisites; and if, in addition, we have to be the scape-goat of left-handed compliments, some of us would wish to Concern on the Big Mud, or Rio. If it is an evil, we would like our brethren to help us bear the burden. I am for the Methodist Church, now and forever; and also for Abbey, Taylor, McFerrin, M'Anally, Sam Watson, and the Southern Methodist Publishing House, for just as long a time, if they live. STROMBOLI.

For the St. Louis Christian Advocate.

Pro Bono Publico.—No. 2.

And to the presence in the room he said, "What wasteth thou?" The vision raised its head, and, with a look made all of sweet accord, answered, "The names of those that love the Lord." "And is mine one?" said Abou. "Nay, not so," replied the angel. Abou spoke more low, but cheerily still, and said, "I pray thee, then, Write me as one that loves his fellow-men."

LEIGH HUNT.

A sincere love for our fellow-man, zeal and gentleness, a saintly hold upon the realities of eternity, a piety to make people happy, a peace with heaven, not purchased at the expense of peace on earth, and good will towards men; oh, how lovely is a union of such qualities! how happy must be the heart possessed of such heavenly graces. Yet, kind reader, how many—alas! how very many—whom nature has endowed with fine talents, and who (sorry to say) profess the christian faith, are utterly void of these qualities, and whose social views and public efforts are calculated to pervert the general interests of humanity.

Society has its wild beasts, harpies, argus-eyed monsters, many-headed dragons, men lurking in secret, to ensnare and destroy, who are far more to be dreaded than those fabulous animals on which ancient prowess expended its force. Such men subsist upon the ruin of families, crushed spirits, blighted hopes, parental despair, and household degradation. Oh, heaven! where sleeps thy thunder, that it falls not on these depredators of thy fair creation? I allude most to that class who, guised in pious robes, under pretense of laboring for the public weal, are no less than augmenting crime, by lending sanction to the nefarious liquor traffic. Think

not, gentle reader, that because nothing ever appears in print favoring intemperance, it receives no encouragement from society; private, yes, even public arguments are offered, vindicating the right to traffic in ardent spirits. In support of which fact I beg to submit the following:

Being in one of the cities in Missouri, a few evenings since, I chanced, through the promptings of curiosity, to drop into an audience, where a certain M. D. was discoursing, to the apparent edification of his hearers. The following is a sketch in brief: That any law restricting the rights of the liquor sellers, is a warfare upon the manufacture, sale, use and enjoyment of all those accustomed beverages of the civilized world from time immemorial. That it is our natural, primary, and irrevocable right to use the fruits of the earth, whether naturally produced or artificially prepared, both for food and drink, at our own personal discretion and responsibility. That the enactment of any stringent license law would be the usurpation of despotic powers, and an invasion of constitutional rights. That certain associations, known as temperance or abstinence societies, have incurred the just indignation and hostility of every enlightened freeman of the land, as the chief instigators and abettors of a despotism more degrading to the moral volition and dignity of a free people than anything which history records. That the accustomed beverages of civilized men are essential to the health and comfort, the social enjoyment, and the beneficial intercourse of many persons. That we are convinced, both by observation and reflection, that the infatuated total abstinence from agreeable and nutritious beverages has caused, and is still causing, a greater sacrifice of health and life than even the intemperate abuse of them. That the use of wine and liquors is justified by the Bible, and that man has a just right to deal in ardent spirits as a vocation of life.

Reader, is that not strange doctrine? aye, base, false and dangerous reasoning? Permit me to notice some of the gentleman's propositions: 1st. It has long since been assumed that we are not at liberty to use the fruits of the earth as we choose, when such use is found prejudicial to the public weal.

2d. Despotism to prevent the crimes we so rigorously punish? Despotism to place our greatest cause of pauperage and wretchedness under restraint? Despotism to say to the liquor dealer, you shall not corrupt society with your grogeries?

To what absurdities will not interest impel us? And from this essential and worthy use of accustomed beverages come drunkenness, insanity, crime, pauperage, and irretrievable ruin. 3d. The Jesuit, from the beginning, have ever claimed a divine right to repress the sentiments of humanity, to disregard truth and justice, and to act against the freedom of the world. Of precisely the same character are attempts to justify any specific wrong by the Bible, such as despotism, and the drinking customs of society. Do the Scriptures convert wrong into right? falsehood into truth? vice into virtue? and make over natural injustice into justice, by a special dispensation? Is the Bible given to stultify reason and conscience? Is it to preserve forever, unshaken, the blood of war? Did Christ set Heaven's imprint on the alcoholic trade and usages, by converting water into wine? Will Christian men write books, deliver lectures, and preach sermons, prostituting revealed religion to purposes so base, so abhorrent to humanity? O ye Scribes of the people, I warn you to beware of sporting with heaven's thunder! Touch not the ark of God with polluted hands! Involve not eternal truth with your temporary questions and perishable interests! Seek not asylum for the world's corruptions in the sanctuary of the Most High!

If what was here assumed by the honorable M. D.—which, thank God, it is not—that the Bible tolerates wrong and oppression, then humanity will sweep it away with the Koran, Shasters, Zendavesta, and all those ancient charters under which error and wickedness have so long entrenched themselves. If it were indeed a charter to protect and perpetuate abuses, then perish its principles, perish its precepts, its litany, and its ritual! Your reasoning can not save it. It ought not to save it. It is not worth saving. Nothing is worth saving which arraigns itself against humanity, against freedom, against virtue, against God. I beseech you not to prop up the liquor traffic, the drinking usages, or any existing abuse, by an appeal to the Word of God. The same Intelligence speaks in revelation as in nature, nor does he affirm in the one, what he denies in the other.

4th. That trafficking in ardent spirits is a just vocation of life—a traffic which we must admit to be the origin of the world's greatest degradation, and man's degeneracy.

Dear reader, visit with me, in imagination, your humble cottage. 'Tis evening—the time when the domestic circle should be cheered by the animation of happy hearts, and enlivened by cheerful music. Alas! how different the scene! with nothing to break the gloomy spell of that lonely circle; the sole occupants an aged couple, with heads bowed 'neath the suffering weight of grief, and burning tears of the heart's deepest sorrow coursing o'er those faces furrowed with age, as they meditate upon the criminal course of a drunken son. 'Tis but reality's picture. Oh, could the trafficker in ardent spirits look into those hearts of anguish, and into the heart of the drunkard at the moment of returning consciousness, how poor a compensation for so much misery would those paltry gains appear. Methinks, if there is one vault of final despair more dismal than the rest, it will be occupied by the caterer to the drunkard's appetite, the promiscuous dealer in intoxicating drinks. Would that the beauties of nature might charm those

thus engaged into tilling the soil, or into a business consistent with public virtue. Would that all could imbibe truth from the inspirations of nature, and learn temperance from the rills that water the land. Nature is a great repository of virtue and wisdom, to those who are willing to use it as such. Would that Nature's lessons were not lost upon man, and that the fair sons and daughters of this glorious land of liberty would unite their talents, their learning, and genius, to obliterate that foul stain—intemperance—from society, and to lessen the advocates of popular error.

While these dark scenes are acted in life's drama beneath my view—while intrigues are being practiced, and the agony of abused appetite indicted and endured, disturbing the fair face and harmony of the world—I will wield my pen for the public weal, wishing no greater reward nor joy than the surety of having ever aided in saving some poor dissipated son from a drunkard's grave. More anon.

W. O. K. CONE.

Doonville, Oct. 24th, 1858.

For the St. Louis Christian Advocate.

Ashtville Correspondence.

MR. EDITOR: You will see by the heading of this article that I have changed the name correspondence. If an inquiry should arise in the mind of any of your readers, as to the change, I would say, the great Iron Wheel, in its annual revolutions, dropped me at Ashtville, N. C.; that is all, and has not hurt me.

But in the State of Buncombe we have no railroads or telegraphs, and I can not hear much from other parts of our Conference; therefore I have concluded to confine myself in my communications principally to this locality.

The last Session of our Conference.—Perhaps there never has been a session of the Holston Conference of more importance than the last. Many very important interests came up for our consideration, among which were those of a Depository and Agency for our Conference. A committee of nine, one from each presiding elder's district in the Conference, was appointed; and I think, as judicious a selection as could have been made, among whom we find the names of T. K. Catlett, E. E. Wiley, G. W. Alexander, Wm. Kerr, and R. M. Hickey—men that, from their age and experience, were well prepared to thoroughly investigate the subject, and advise the Conference as to what would be the best policy to pursue, so as to accomplish the object contemplated by the establishing Depository and Agency. After several days' hard labor by the Committee, in consideration of the different plans proposed, they reported in favor of establishing a Depository and Agency, to be located at Knoxville, Tenn., on a plan, the leading outline of which was as follows: The capital should be twenty-five thousand dollars, one-half of which was to be raised by the sale of stock, in shares of twenty-five dollars each, the remainder by subscriptions, donation, or loan.

The stock holders were to have the interest paid to them annually, and to receive ten per cent. on the principal for ten years, in books, at catalogue prices, which would refund the entire amount of stock paid in by each stock holder.

After some deliberation and speeches from some of the members, and some facts given by Dr. McFerrin, the Conference rejected the report, and so the matter was put to rest for the present.

Well, what is intended to be accomplished by Depositories and Agencies? If I understand the object, it is to circulate our publications among our people, and all to whom we may have access. If this be correct, you may establish Depositories and Agencies in every Conference—yes, in every Presiding Elder's District—and if the preachers generally will not discharge their duty in circulating our books, it must prove a failure. You may talk about Publishing Houses—yes, the great Southern—and Depositories, Tract Societies, Colporteurs, and all that sort of thing, but if the preachers will not take hold of this department of our work, and, with the Publishing House, make their transactions of strictly a commercial and business character, the whole thing must prove a failure. Dr. McFerrin said that he intended to be one of the most unpopular Book Agents that the Church ever had—that is, he intended to make every preacher who bought books of the Southern Publishing House pay for what he bought, and that promptly, or he would report them to their respective Conferences.

Now, Mr. Editor, as I do not like to differ with D. D., and think I am safe in saying, that his policy will make the Publishing House successful in its good work of sending forth constantly such literature as will bless our country. And the report of the Agent, at the next General Conference, will show success beyond the expectation of its most sanguine friends. And, as for one (and I think I speak the sentiments of nearly all, perhaps quite all, our preachers) I say: "Lay on," not Macduff, but McFerrin. Talk about a failure, as Bonaparte said to one of his marshals, when the snow and wind were beating against them, and occasionally a mighty avalanche would sweep whole companies away. Can't be done. "That's bad French." If it is not bad French, it is bad Methodism.

If the preachers will go to work at once, the work will move on bravely, and soon our Agent will report to all the world, and the rest of mankind, a full house and clear receipts for present liabilities. And let those who have been taken up by the Methodist Church, and had instilled into their minds principles of industry and economy, by which they have saved their earnings, until they have grown rich, give of their abundance to aid the Church to carry out her bright designs, instead of leaving it for heirs to contend over after they have gone to their reward.

I did not understand the Conference, in its action relative to the Depository and Agency, to

express any abatement of the interest they felt in this great undertaking of the Church; but simply they were not fully convinced of the practicability of establishing a Depository and Agency at the present, if at any future, period.

As to a Conference paper, or, as the brethren preferred to call it, "an organ," the committee reported adverse to establishing such paper or organ, which report was adopted by the Conference.

Many felt there was a necessity for such paper, and some were disappointed in the action of the committee; but a majority of the Conference, with the facts and figures before them, could not see their way clearly, though some doubted, and still doubt, the correctness of the figures we had before us. But, as it is, we still have to look to Nashville, St. Louis, Charleston, or Richmond for a paper, and I am right glad that these, as well as others of our Church papers, are an honor to our Church. May they ever live to furnish weekly information to our country, and ever have as able editors as now conduct them.

W. H. KELLY.

November 1st, 1858.

For the St. Louis Christian Advocate.

MR. EDITOR: I attended a protracted meeting a few days ago, conducted by the Reformers, or Christian denomination, as they call themselves, and, during the meeting, it was announced that Bro. E. would preach a sermon on a certain day, on conversion. I attended; and the sum and substance of the whole discourse was the conversions on the day of Pentecost, and Philip and the Eunuch. He stated that the conversions named were true conversions, and such as occur at this day. There were, however, certain denominations who preached a different way to become converted, and he would read how they taught conversion. He then began and read the modern way of conversion, thus: Then Philip opened his mouth and began at the same Scriptures, and preached unto him Jesus. And as they went on their way, they came to a mourner's bench, and the Eunuch said, here is a mourner's bench; what does hinder me from being prayed for? Many have been converted at a mourner's bench, died happy, and gone to heaven. And Philip said, if thou believest Christ with all thy heart thou mayest. And he answered and said, I believe that I can get religion at this mourner's bench. And he commanded the chariot to stand still; and they went to the mourner's bench, both Philip and the Eunuch; and the Eunuch got religion, and went on his way rejoicing.

Now, Bro. M'Anally, of the two modes of conversion, I would like to hear which you prefer. They require an acknowledgment that the Jesus Christ is the Son of God, and baptism upon that confession. This is what they regard as conversion. We ask a sinner, convinced of his sins, to approach a mourner's bench, and implore the mercy of God, with the promise that, if he seeks, with all his heart, God will be found of him, his sins will be pardoned, his moral nature will be renewed, and he made happy in the love of God, and then can truly go on his way rejoicing.

W. L. T. E.

Landmark, Oct. 16th, 1858.

We have been asked what we think of the above; and, if allowed to speak plainly, must say we regard all such as solemn trifling. He who goes into the pulpit for no better purpose than to ridicule the doctrines or usages of other denominations, had better not go there at all. He will do more harm than good. Such an exhibition as that represented above is simply ridiculous in itself, adverse in its nature to the true spirit of the gospel, and in its tendencies better calculated to make infidels than to make Christians. Everything connected with the holy religion of the Bible ought to be held sacred, and spoken of with reverence. We advise our correspondent henceforth to seek to hear ministers who are a little more reverent in their manner; and should he again have the misfortune to fall in with such as above described, treat them respectfully, and if they say anything good try to remember that, and forget the bad as soon as possible.

There are good reasons to fear that many persons are nominally in the ministry whom the Lord never called, and who have never felt the solemn obligations and fearful responsibilities of that holy office.

Methodism as a Civilization.

Whatever may be the distinctive merits of Methodism, as compared with the other sects of evangelical Christians, so far as our "articles of faith" are concerned, it is quite apparent that in the work of civilization, as preparatory to the full Christianization of the human being, it takes the lead of them all. As a religious denomination, the Methodists are comparative young. Yet already they have become the most numerous sect in the United States. They can enumerate more than twelve thousand churches, with congregations embracing in the aggregate more than four millions of persons.

There must be a cause for this wonderful progress and influence; and from that cause may be deduced a practical lesson for religious teachers of all denominations.

It is this: Methodism addresses the heart. It addresses the affections rather than the faculties of the human mind; and thus it troubles the water at the very fountain of life. It calls out the emotions, the sentiments, the very springs of humanity, the "inmost" of our being. It teaches man to feel religiously first, and to think and reason religiously afterward. And herein it contrasts singularly with the more ratiocinative Congregationalism or Presbyterianism.

The majority of the orthodox religious sect address primarily the intellect. They seek to inculcate true doctrine as the foundation for proper feeling and correct conduct.

Methodism, on the contrary, endeavors, first of all, to awaken the dormant religious element of humanity; to touch the affections with celestial fire, and thus interest the interior man in the great theme of immortality. The education of the mere external nature, the intellect, is made secondary in importance and subsequent in the order of time.

This, we think, is the rationale of the unparalleled success of Methodism. It is obvious that

the human mind, in its undeveloped state, in its conditions of ignorance, sin, depravity, and misery, is far more accessible in its heart than in its head. Its passions or emotional elements are the strongest; and these are the chords by which the preacher can most readily feel his way to the deep recesses of the soul.

Religion itself implies the active exercise of the highest powers of the affectional mind—love, hope, veneration, faith and conscientiousness—powers which in the aggregate constitute the religious quality of humanity, and raise man, by a special endowment, above the mere animal creation.

And these are not thinking, but feeling powers. He who feels right means right, and before God is justified, however much he may err in knowledge or in action. The best man who lives, the most devoted and conscientious Christian on earth, the man whose faith, and hope, and charity are as limitless as the universe, and who prays believingly without ceasing, may err in matters of opinion. God demands only the heart. If this is right, the sins of intellect may be winked at. If the man's motives are squared by the rule of conscientiousness, he is a Christian, whether in the distinctions of society or of races he is classed with the savage, the barbarian, the civilized, or the enlightened.

Opinions are neither meritorious nor criminal in themselves; and it is time the religious world understood this principle, that persecution (for opinion's sake) may no longer alienate men from each other, and that man may no more imbrue his hand in his brother's blood.

Methodism practically recognizes this great truth, and thus becomes the pioneer, as it were, of civilization. And this recognition enables its ministers to adapt their teachings to the existing conditions of men. It causes its clergy to become pre-eminently itinerant. It enables them to carry their distinctive tenets and peculiar rites into every nook and corner of the land; to associate the people in religious worship in most sparsely populated districts, as well as in the densely populated cities; to penetrate with the sounds and the ceremonies of the Gospel the remotest wilderness, even to the far-off hunting-grounds and isolated wigwags of the red men of the forest.—Life Illustrated.

For the St. Louis Christian Advocate.

DARDANELLE, Ark., Oct. 26, 1858.

MR. EDITOR: The Arkansas Annual Conference of the M. E. Church, South, met at this place on the 20th inst., Bishop Early presiding; and though feeble from former affliction, yet continued to improve up to the time of adjourning, this evening. Our business has been passed rapidly and pleasantly through. But one death among the preachers; a net increase of over one thousand two hundred members; fourteen preachers. Everything spiritual seems to prosper. Omens of a gracious revival are visibly manifest in this pleasant little village. The preachers gladly received their appointments, and, while prayer went up for greater success, audibly responded, "Amen." So you may expect to learn of our future success in "tilling Emmanuel's grounds." I herewith inclose you the appointments.

J. S. MCCARVER.

Helena District.—John J. Roberts, P. E.; Helena station, B. Harris; Helena circuit and African mission, G. A. Danely; Mt. Vernon circuit, F. W. Thacker; Walnut Bend circuit, L. Dobson; Marion circuit, to be supplied; Osceola circuit and African mission, J. Rhine; Laconia circuit and African mission, to be supplied.

Jacksonport District.—Jno. Cowle, P. E.; Jacksonport station, J. Mackey; Jacksonport circuit, W. H. Wood; Powhattan circuit, W. R. Foster; Pochontas circuit, J. A. Roach; Gainsville circuit, J. Glasgow; Greensboro circuit, D. P. Armstrong; Bolivar circuit and African mission, E. Y. Jones; Black River mission, to be supplied.

Searcy District.—Steph. Carlisle, P. E.; Searcy circuit, W. F. Noe; Lawrenceville circuit, H. H. Hawkins; Augusta circuit, R. G. Brittain; Richland circuit, J. D. Andrews; Lewisburg circuit, S. Farish; Clinton mission, I. L. Hicks; Cadron mission, B. B. Cannady.

Batesville District.—John S. McCarver, P. E.; Batesville station, J. H. Rice; Batesville circuit, R. F. Dodson; Grand Glaze circuit, J. M. Rogers; Big Creek mission, to be supplied; Lebanon mission, J. C. Beckham; Salem mission, H. A. Barnett; Richwoods mission, to be supplied; Strawberry circuit, C. N. McGuire.

Soulesbury Institute, to be supplied. John M. Steel, Agent American Bible Society.

Clarksville District.—Lewis P. Lively, P. E.; Clarksville circuit, G. Emmert; Fort Smith station, A. H. Kennedy; Van Buren station, J. L. Denton; Ozark circuit, J. Griffin; Roseville circuit, J. M. Burkhardt; Dover circuit, B. Lee; Dardanelle circuit, R. W. Hammett; Bluffton mission, J. D. Adney.

Wallace Institute, P. A. Mores, A. M.

Fayetteville District.—Thomas Stanford, P. E.; Fayetteville station, G. A. Shaffer; Fayetteville circuit, J. A. Williams; Bentonville circuit, J. Banks; Boonsboro circuit, D. H. Carithers; Yellow circuit, B. F. Hall, and one to be supplied; Carrollton circuit, J. F. Pearson; Maysville circuit, W. F. Thornberry; Newton mission, J. B. Brown; White River mission, T. B. Hilburn.

Indian Mission Conference.

The following are the appointments of the preachers:

Cherokee District.—John Harrell, P. E.; Talequah and Riley, to be supplied; Grand Saline, T. Bertholt, I. Sanders; Beatey's Prairie, P. Bassham, E. G. Smith; Flint, Y. Ewing, Dick Hider; Salasaw, W. A. Danforth; Webber's Falls, C. Delana, W. Cary.

Creek District.—David B. Cumming, P. E.; Creek Agency, C. M. Slover, J. McHenry; North Fork, W. Coffett; Little River, S. Chekote, J. Burgess; Big Bend, S. Mann, W. McIntosh.

Asbury M. L. School, Thos. B. Ruble, Superintendent.

Seneca and Wyandotte Mission, to be supplied. Coody's School, James Essex.

Choctaw District.—W. L. McAllister, P. E.; Doaksville and Mountain Fork, I. S. Newman, one to be supplied; Kiamichi, to be supplied, S. P. Willis; Brashy circuit, to be supplied; Chickasaw, H. Bacon, J. B. Forester.

Chickasaw Academy, J. J. Robinson, Superintendent.

Bloomfield Academy, John H. Carr, Superintendent, Wm. Jones.

Colbert Institute, to be supplied.

HARMLESSNESS.—Doing no harm is praise that might be bestowed upon a stone; it behooves the saint to aspire after nobler commendation.